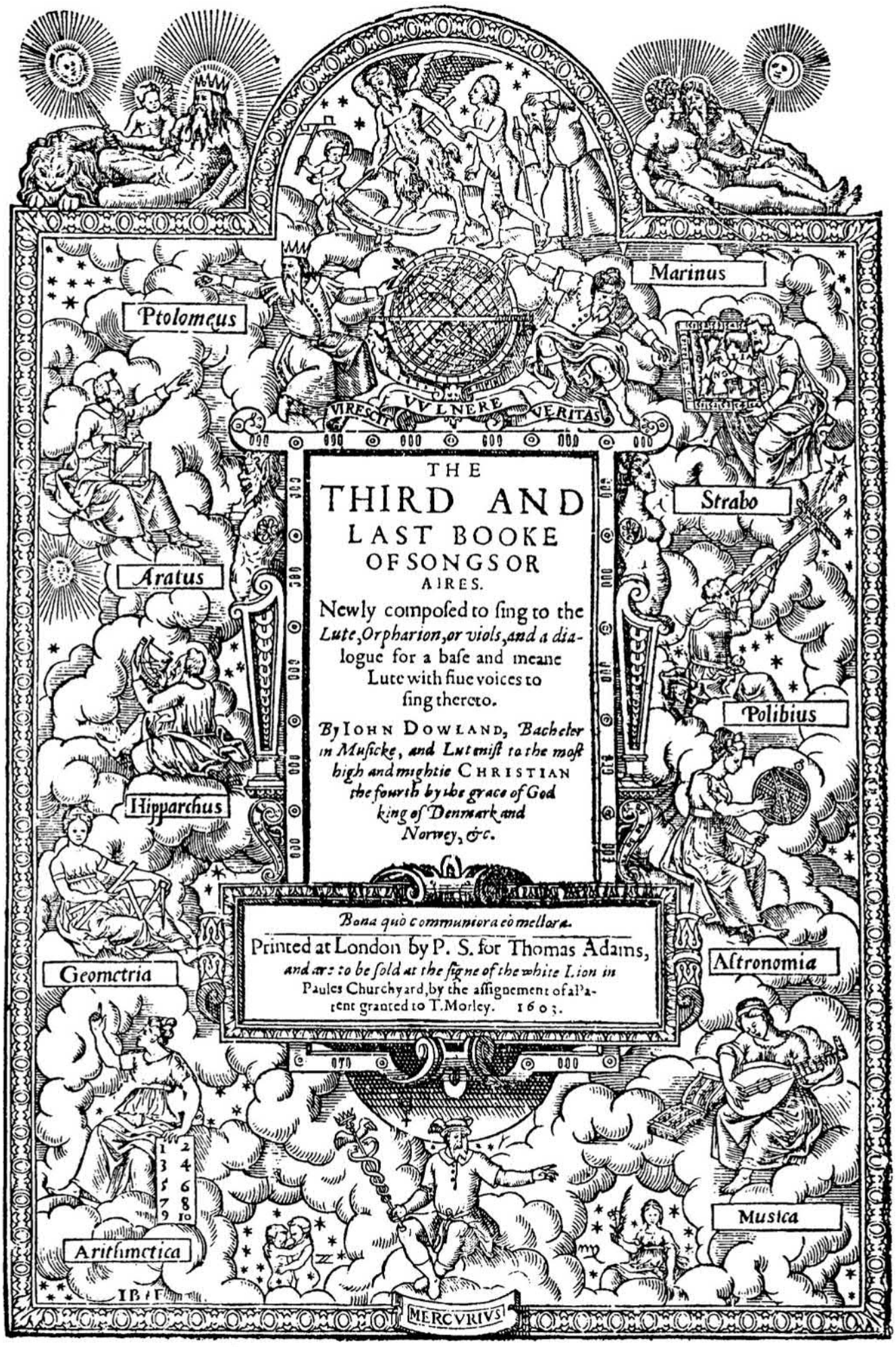


THE

THIRD AND LAST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AIRES.

Newly compoſed to ſing to the *Lute, Orpharion, or viols, and a dia*logue for a baſe and meane Lute with fiue voices to ſing thereto.

By IOHN DOWLAND, *Bachelor in Muſicke, and Lutenıſt to the moſt high and mightie* CHRISTIAN *the fourth by the grace of God king of Denmark and Norwey, &c.*

Bona quò communiora eò meliora.

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Adams, *and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the white Lion in* Paules Churchyard, by the aſſignement of al Patent granted to T. Morley. 1603.

TO MY HONORABLE GOOD FRIEND

Iohn Souch Eſquire, for many curteſies for which I imbol-
den my ſelfe, preſuming of his good fauour, to preſent this
ſimple worke, as a token of my thankefulnes.

THE eſtimation and kindnes which I haue euer bountifully receiued from your fauour, haue mooued me to preſent this nouelty of muſick to you, who of al others are fitteſt to iudge of it, and worthieſt out of your loue to protect it. If I gaue life to theſe, you gaue ſpirit to me; for it is alwaies the worthy reſpect of others that makes arte proſper in it ſelfe. That I may therefore profeſſe, and make manifeſt to the world both your ſingular affection to me, and my gratefull minde in my weake ability to you, I haue here prefixt your honourable name, as a bulwark of ſafetie, and a title of grace, thinking my ſelfe no way able to deſerue your fauours more, then by farther engaging my ſelfe to you for this your noble preſumed patronage. He that hath acknowledged a fauour, they ſay, hath halfe repaide it: and if ſuch payment may paſſe for currant, I ſhal be euer readie to grow the one halfe out of your debt, though how that ſhould be I knowe not, ſince I owe my ſelfe (and more, if it were poſsible) vnto you. Accept me wholy then I beſeech you, in what tearmes you pleaſe, being euer in my vttermoſt ſeruice

Deuoted to your Honours kindneſse,

IOHN DOWLAND.

The Epiſtle to the Reader.

THE applauſe of them that iudge, is the incouragement of thoſe that write: My firſt two bookes of aires ſpeed ſo well that they haue produced a third, which they haue fetcht far from home, and brought euen through the moſt perilous ſeas, where hauing eſcapt ſo many ſharpe rocks, I hope they ſhall not be wrackt on land by curious and biting cenſures. As in a hiue of bees al labour alike to lay vp honny oppoſing themſelues againſt none but fruitles drones; ſo in the houſe of learning and fame, all good indeuourers ſhould ſtriue to ad ſomewhat that is good, not malicing one an other, but altogether bandying againſt the idle and malicious ignorant. My labours for my part I freely offer to euerie mans iudgement, preſuming, that fauour once attayned, is more eaſily encreaſed then loſt.

IOHN DOWLAND.

A Table of all the Songs contained in *this Booke.*

I. Farewell too faire.

II. Time ſtands ſtill.

III. Behold a wonder heere.

IIII. Daphne was not ſo chaſte as ſhe was changing.

V. Me me and none but me.

VI. When Phœbus firſt did Daphne loue.

VII. Say loue if euer thou didſt finde.

VIII. Flow not ſo faſt ye fountaines.

IX. What if I neuer ſpeede.

X. Loue ſtood amaz'd at ſweet beauties paine.

XI. Lend your eares to my ſorrow good people.

XII. By a fountaine where I lay.

XIII. Oh what hath ouerwrought my all amazed thought.

XIIII. Farewell vnkind farewell.

XV. Weepe you no more ſad fountaines.

XVI. Fie on this faining, is loue without deſire.

XVII. I muſt complaine, yet doe enioy.

XVIII. It was a time when ſilly Bees could ſpeake.

XIX. The loweſt trees haue tops.

XX. What poore Aſtronomers are they.

XXI. Come when I call, or tarrie till I come.

Farewell too faire, too chaſt but too too cruell,
diſcretion neuer quenched fire with ſwords: Why haſt thou made my heart thine angers
fuell, and now would kill my paſſions with thy words. This is prowd beauties true anatamy,
if that ſe- cure ſeuere in ſecreſie, farewell, farewell.

Farewell too deare, and too too much deſired,
Vnleſſe compaſſion dwelt more neere thy heart:
Loue by neglect (though conſtant) oft is tired,
And forc't from bliſſe vnwillingly to part.
This is prowd beauties, &c.

BASSVS.

TIme ſtands ſtill with ga- zing on her face,

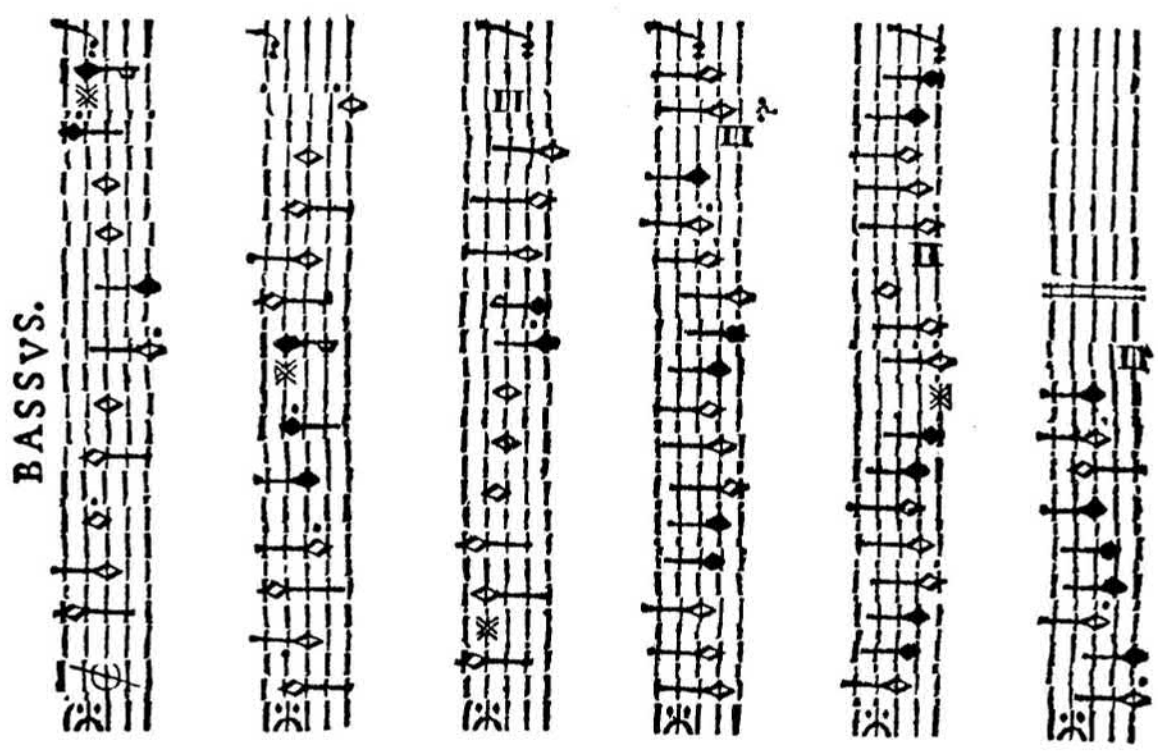
ſtand ſtill and gaze for minutes, houres and yeares, to her giue place: All other things ſhall change,

but ſhee remaines the ſame, till heauens changed haue their courſe & time hath loſt his name.

Cupid doth houer vp and downe blinded with her faire eyes, and fortune captiue at her

feete contem'd and conquerd lies.

When fortune, loue, and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, loue, and time, I honour will alone,
If bloudleſſe enuie ſay, dutie hath no deſert.
Dutie replies that enuie knowes her ſelfe his faithfull heart,
My ſetled vowes and ſpotleſſe faith no fortune can remoue,
Courage ſhall ſhew my inward faith, and faith ſhall trie my loue.

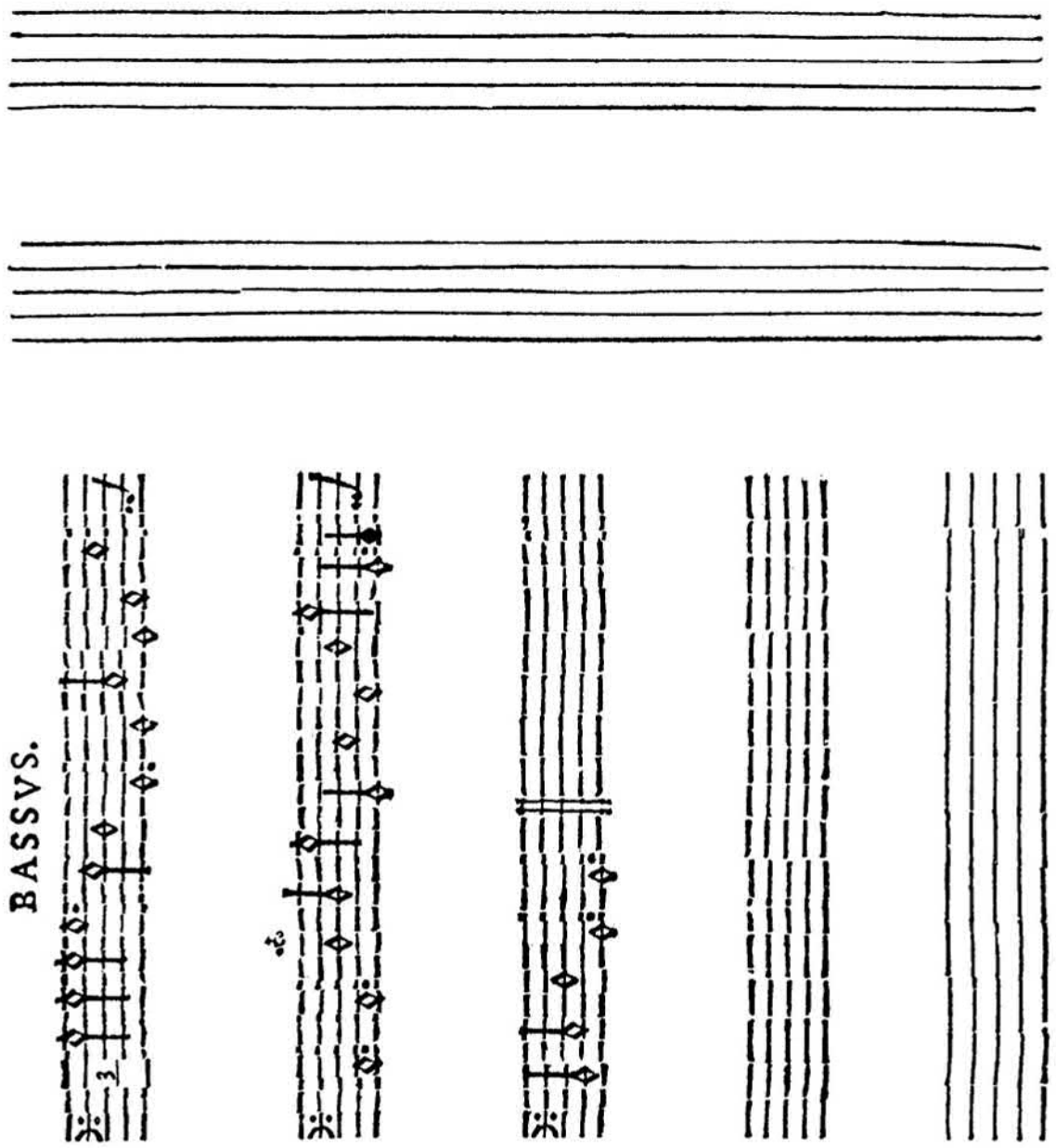


2 Such beames infuſed be
By *Cinthia* in his eyes,
As firſt haue made him ſee,
And then haue made him wiſe.

3 Loue now no more will weepe
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that ſleepe,
Nor ſigh for them that ſmile.

4 So powrefull is the beautie
That Loue doth now behold,
As loue is turn'd to dutie,
That's neither blind nor bold.

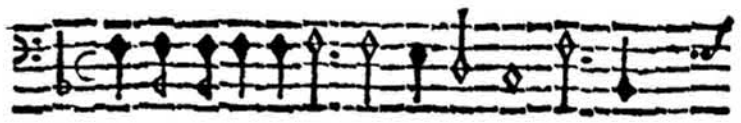
5 This Beautie ſhewes her might,
To be of double kind,
In giuing loue his ſight
And ſtriking folly blind.


BASSVS.

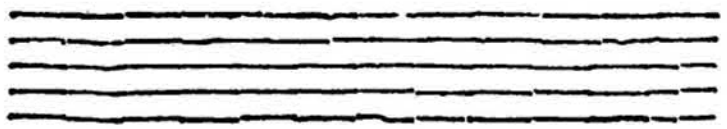
Aphne was not ſo chaſte as ſhe was changing, Soon begun
he that to day triumphs with fauors graced, fals before
Loue with hate eſtranging:
night with ſcornes de- fa- ced:
Yet is thy beautie fainde, and eu'rie one de-
ſires, ſtill the falſe light the falſe light of thy traiterous fires.

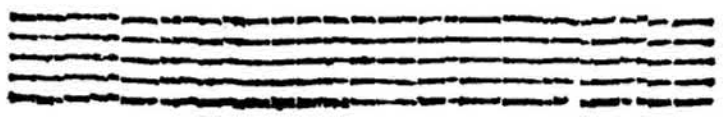
Beautie can want no grace by true loue viewed,
Fancie by lookes is ſtill remued:
Like to a fruitfull tree it euer groweth,
Or the freſh-ſpring that endleſſe floweth.
But if that beautie were of one conſent with loue,
Loue ſhould liue free, and true pleaſure proue.

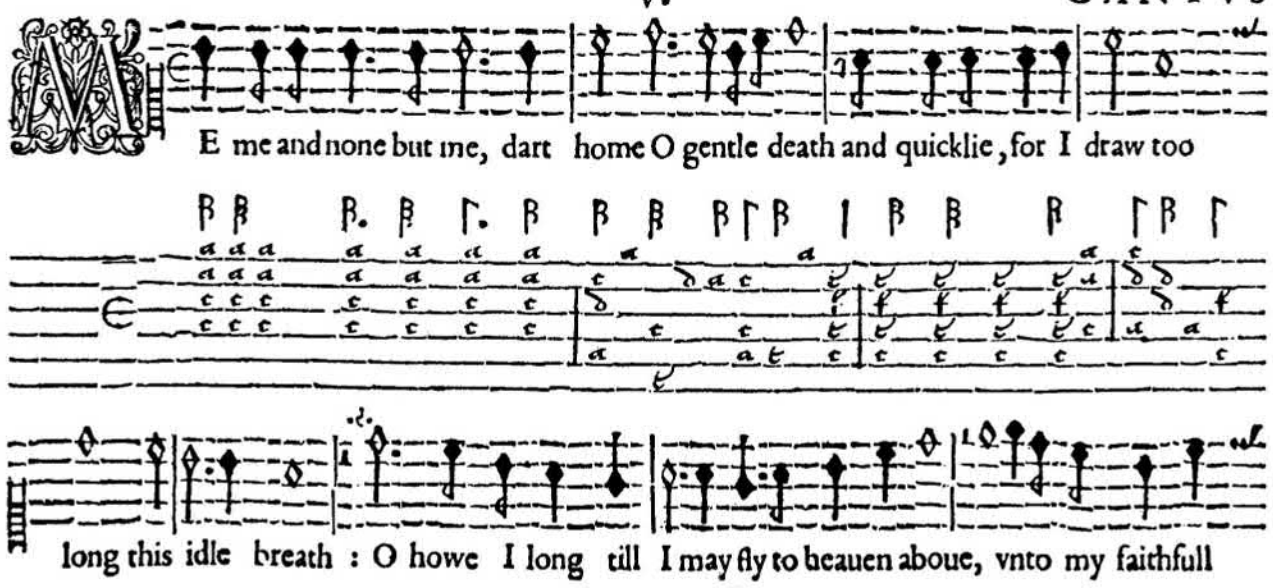
BASSVS.



Daphne.

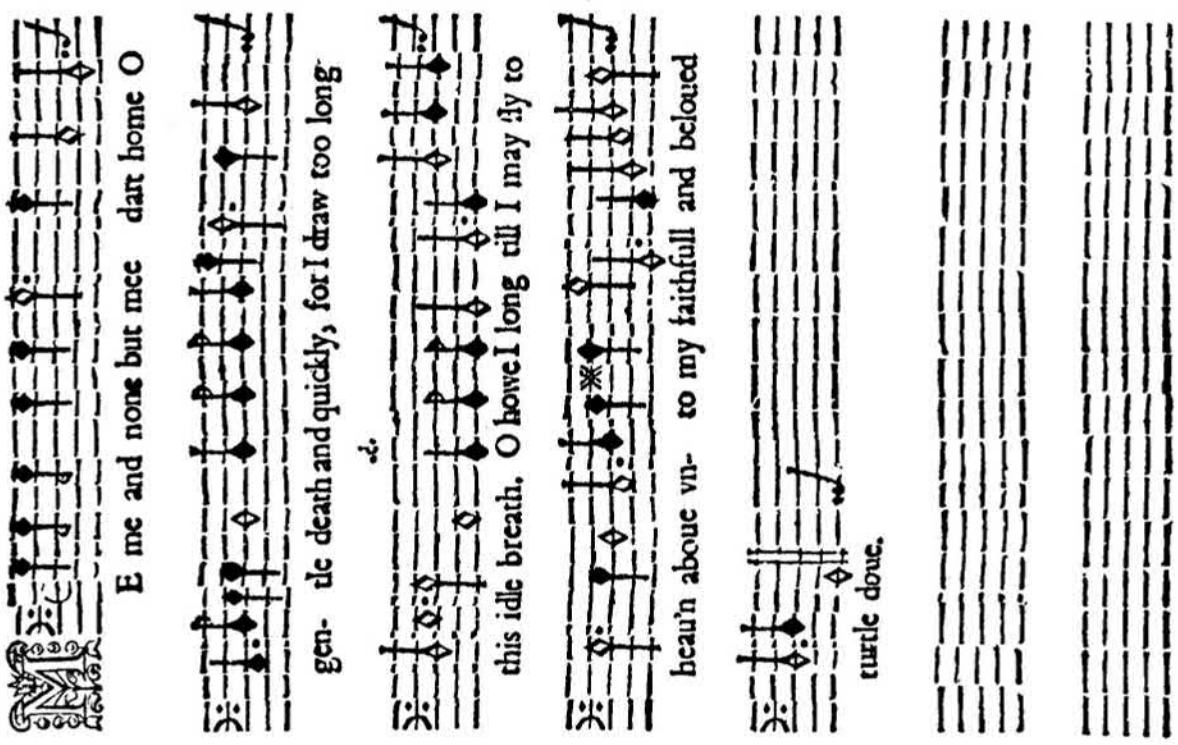





E me and none but me, dart home O gentle death and quicklie, for I draw too
long this idle breath : O howe I long till I may fly to heauen aboue, vnto my faithfull
and beloued turtle doue.

Like to the ſiluer Swanne,
before my death I ſing:
And yet aliue
my fatall knell I helpe to ring.
Still I deſire from earth
and earthly ioyes to flie,
He neuer happie liu'd,
that cannot loue to die.

BASVS.

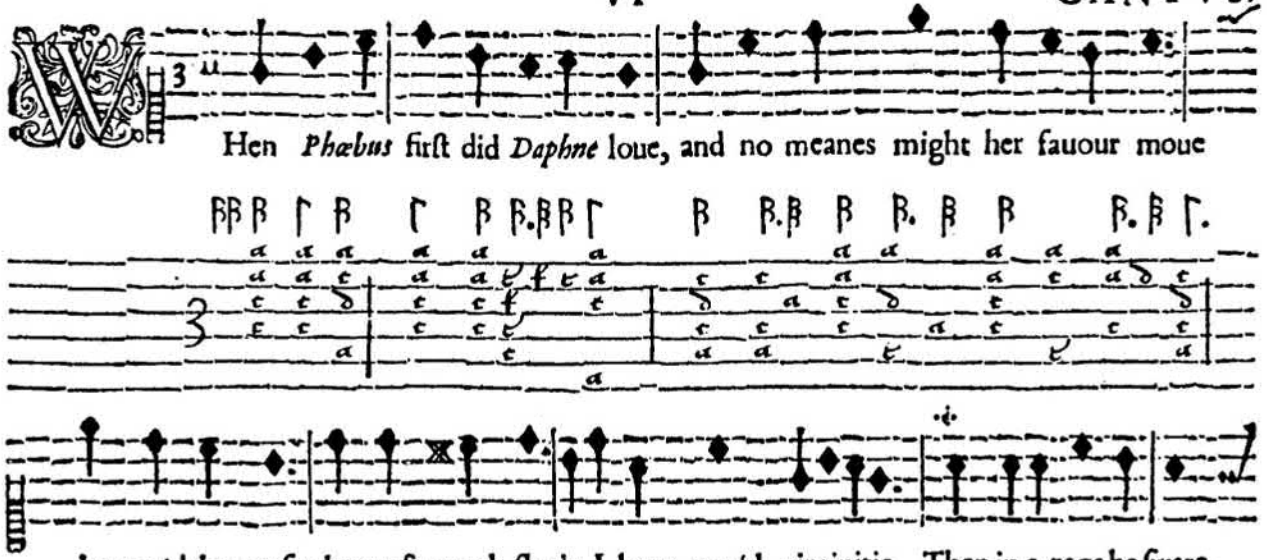

E me and none but me dart home O
gen- tle death and quickly, for I draw too long
this idle breath. O how I long till I may fly to
beau'n aboue vn- to my faithfull and beloued
turtle doue.

ALTVS.

Me me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly for I draw
too long this idle breath. O how I long till I may fly to heau'n aboue vnto my faithfull and
beloued tur tle doue.

TENOR.

E me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly, for I drawe too long
too long this idle breath. O how I long til I may fly to heauen a- boue, vn- to my
faithfull and beloued turtle doue.



When *Phœbus* firſt did *Daphne* loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue
he crau'd the cauſe, the cauſe quoth ſhe is, I haue vow'd virginitie. Then in a rage he ſware,
and ſaid, paſt fifteene none none but one ſhould liue a maid.

If maidens then ſhal chance be ſped
Ere they can ſcarſly dreſſe their head,
Yet pardon them, for they be loth
To make good *Phœbus* breake his oth.
And better twere a child were borne,
Then that a god ſhould be forſworne.

BASSVS.

Hen *Phabus* firſt did *Daphne* loue, And no meanes might her fauour moue, hee crau'd the cauſe, the cauſe (quoth ſhe) is, I haue vow'd virginitie. Then in a rage he ſware and ſaid, paſt fifteene none none but one ſhould liue a maid.

ALTVS.

Hen *Phabus* firſt did *Daphne* loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue

He crau'd the cauſe, the cauſe (quoth ſhe) is, I haue vow'd virgi- ni- tie. Then in a rage hee

ſware, and ſaid, paſt fifteene none none but one ſhould liue a maid.

TENOR.

Hen *Phœbus* firſt did *Daphne* loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue, he crau'd

the cauſe. The cauſe (quoth ſhe) is, I haue vow'd :‖: virginitie. Then in a rage hee ſware

and ſaid, paſt fifteene none none but one ſhould liue a maid.

Ay loue if euer thou didſt find, a woman with a conſtant
mind, none but one, and what ſhould that rare mirror be, ſome Goddeſſe or ſome Queen is ſhe
ſhee ſhee ſhee ſhee :||: :||: and onelie ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.

But could thy firy poyſned dart
At no time touch her ſpotleſſe hart,
Nor come neare,
She is not ſubiect to Loues bow,
Her eye commaunds, her heart ſaith no,
No, no, no, and only no,
One no another ſtill doth follow.

How might I that faire wonder know,
That mockes deſire with endleſſe no
See the Moone
That euer in one change doth grow,
Yet ſtill the ſame, and ſhe is ſo;
So, ſo, ſo, and onely ſo,
From heauen her vertues ſhe doth borrow.

To her then yeeld thy ſhafts and bowe,
That can command affections ſo:
Loue is free,
So are her thoughts that vanquiſh thee,
There is no queene of loue but ſhe,
She, ſhe, ſhe, and only ſhe,
She onely queene of loue and beautie.

BASSVS.

Ay Loue if euer thou didſt find, a woman with a conſtant mind, none but one, and what ſhould that rare mirrour be, ſome Goddeſſe or ſome Queene ſhe ſhe :‖: :‖: :‖: and onely ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.

ALTVS.

Ay Loue, if euer thou didſt find, a woman with a conſtant mind: none but one, and what ſhould that rare mirrour be, ſome goddeſſe or ſome Queene is ſhe ſhe ſhe :‖: :‖: :‖: and onely ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.

TENOR.

Ay loue if euer thou didſt find a woman with a conſtant mind, none but one, and what ſhould that rare mirrour be, ſome Goddeſſe or ſome Queene is ſhee ſhee ſhe ſhe :‖: :‖: :‖: and onely ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.

Low not ſo faſt yee fountaines, what needeth all this
Swell not aboue your mountaines, nor ſpend your time in

haſte, Gentle ſprings, gentle ſprings freſhly your ſalt teares muſt ſtill fall
waſte,

drop- ping muſt ſtill fall dropping dropping :‖: :‖: fall

dropping from their ſpheares.

Weepe they apace whom Reaſon,
Or lingring time can eaſe:
My ſorow can no ſeaſon,
Nor ought beſides appeaſe
Gentle ſprings, &c.

Time can abate the terrour
Of euerie common paine,
But common griefe is errour,
True griefe will ſtill remaine.
Gentle ſprings, &c.

BASSVS.

Low not ſo faſt yee foun-taines, what nee- deth all this haſte, Gentle ſprings fresh- ly

Swell not aboue your mountaines norſpend your time in waſte,

your ſalt teares muſt ſtil muſt ſtil fal fal dropping fall dropping muſt ſtil

dropping muſt ſtil fal fal dropping ſtil fall dropping

dropping ſtill fall dropping ſtill fal dropping ſtill

fall dropping from their ſpheares.

ALTVS.

Low not ſo faſt yee fountaines, what needeth all this haſte, Gentle ſprings,

Swell not aboue your mountaines, nor ſpend your time in waſte,

gentle ſprings freſhly your ſalt teares muſt muſt ſtill muſt ſtill fal fal dropping fall dropping muſt ſtill

fall fall dropping fal dropping muſt fall fall dropping dropping ſtil fal dropping fal dropping

from their ſpheares.

TENOR.

Low not ſo faſt yee fountaines,what nee- deth all this haſte, Gentle ſprings gentle

ſwell not aboue your mountains,nor ſpend your time in waſte,

gentle ſprings freſhly your ſalt teares muſt ſtil muſt ſtil fal fal dropping fall dropping muſt ſtil

ſtil fal fal dropping fal dropping muſt ſtill fal dropping ſtil fal dropping frō their ſpheares.

Hat if I neuer ſpeede, ſhall I ſtraight yeeld to diſpaire,
or ſhal I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart,

and ſtill on ſorow feede that can no loſſe repaire.
and in my reaſon proue I can cõmand my hart.
But if ſhe will pittie my deſire, and my

loue requite, then euer ſhall ſhee liue my deare delight. Come, :|: :|: while I haue a heart

to deſire thee. Come, come, come, for either I will loue or admire thee.

Oft haue I dream'd of ioy,
yet I neuer felt the ſweete,
But tired with annoy,
my griefs each other greete.
Oft haue I left my hope,
as a wretch by fate forlorne.

But Loue aimes at one ſcope,
and loſt wil ſtil returne:
He that once loues with a true deſire
neuer can depart,
For *Cupid* is the king of euery hart.
Come, come, &c.

BASVS.

Hat if I neuer ſpeed, ſhal I ſtaight yeeld ro diſpaire and ſtil on ſorrow feed, that can
or ſhall I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart, and in my reaſon proue, I can
no loſſe repaire: But if ſhe will pitie my deſire,
command my hart: & my loue requite, then euer ſhal ſhe liue my
deare delight. Come :||: while I haue a heart
to deſire thee. Come :||: for either I will loue or
admire thee.

ALTVS.

Hat if I neuer ſpeed that I ſtraight yeeld to deſpaire, & ſtill on ſorow feed that can
or that I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart, & in my reaſon proue I can
no loſſe repaire, But if ſhe wil pitie, pitie, pitie my deſire, & my loue requite, then euer ſhal
command my hart,
ſhe liue my deare delight, Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to deſire thee, Come, come
for either I will loue or admire thee.

TENOR.

Hat if I neuer ſpeed, ſhall I ſtraight yeeld to deſpaire, and ſtill on ſorrow feed that
or ſhal I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart, and in my reaſon proue I
can no loſſe re-paire: But if ſhe will pitie my deſire, and my loue my loue requite, thẽ euer
can command my heart:
ſhall ſhe liue my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to deſire thee. Come
come, for either I will loue or admire thee.

Oue ſtood amaz'd at ſweet beauties paine: Loue would
haue ſaid that all was but vaine, and Gods but halfe diuine, But when Loue ſaw that beautie
would die: hee all agaſt, to heau'ns did crie, O gods, O gods what wrong is mine.

2 Then his teares bred in thoughts of ſalt
Fel frō his eyes, like raine in ſun ſhine (brine,
expeld by rage of fire:
Yet in ſuch wiſe as anguiſh affords,
He did expreſſe in theſe his laſt words
his infinite deſire.

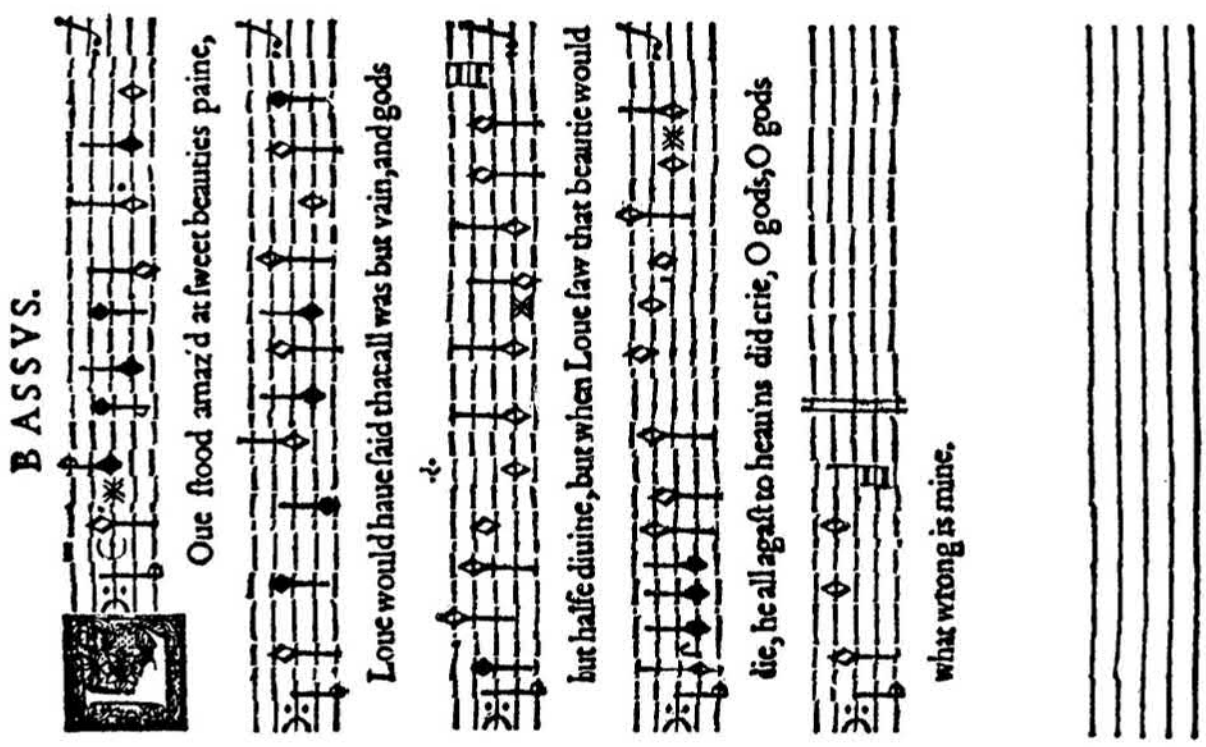
3 Are you fled faire? where are now thoſe eies
Eyes but too faire, enuï'd by the skies,
you angrie gods do know,
With guiltles bloud your ſcepters you ſtain,
On poore true hearts like tyrants you raine:
vniuſt why do you ſo?

4 Are you falſe gods? why then do you raine?
Are you iuſt gods? why then haue you ſlaine
the life of loue on earth.
Beautie, now thy face liues in the skies,
Beautie, now let me liue in thine eyes,
where bliſſe felt neuer death

5 Then from high rock, the rocke of diſpaire,
He fals, in hope to ſmother in the aire,
or els on ſtones to burſt,
Or on cold waues to ſpend his laſt breath,
Or his ſtrange life to end by ſtrange death,
but fate forbid the worſt.

6 With pity mou'd the gods the change loue
To Phenix ſhape, yet cannot remoue
his wonted propertie,
He loues the ſunne becauſe it is faire,
Sleepe he neglects, he liues but by aire,
and would, but cannot die.

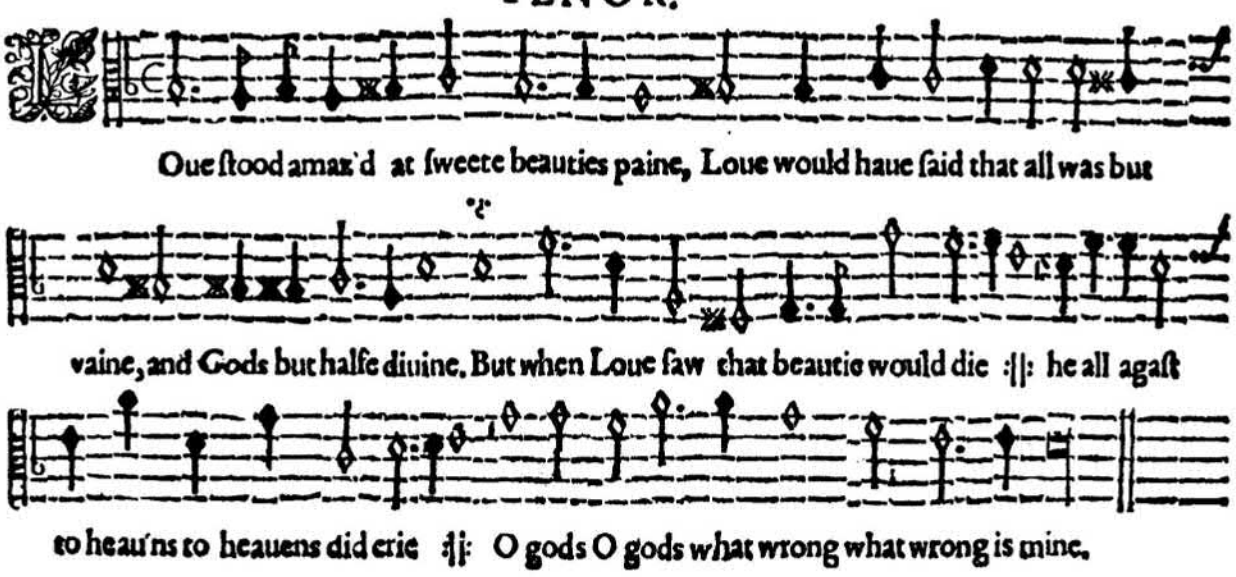
BASSVS.


Oue ſtood amaz'd at ſweet beauties paine,
Loue would haue ſaid that all was but vain, and gods
but halfe diuine, but when Loue ſaw that beautie would
die, he all agaſt to heauns did crie, O gods, O gods
what wrong is mine.

ALTVS.

Oue ſtood amaz'd at ſweet beauties paine, Loue wold haue ſaid that all was
but vaine, and gods but halfe diuine. But when Loue ſaw that beautie would die, he all agaſt
to heauns to heauns did crie, O gods O gods what wrong is mine.

TENOR.


Oue ſtood amaz'd at ſweete beauties paine, Loue would haue ſaid that all was but
vaine, and Gods but halfe diuine. But when Loue ſaw that beautie would die :||: he all agaſt
to heauns to heauens did crie :||: O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine.

End your eares to my ſorrow good peo- ple that haue
for no eyes wil I borow mine own ſhal grace, my
a- ny pitie:
doleful ditty: Chant then my voice though rude like to my riming, and tell foorth my griefe
which here in ſad deſpaire can find no eaſe of tormenting.

Once I liu'd, once I knew delight,
No griefe did ſhadowe then my pleaſure:
Grac'd with loue, cheer'd with beauties ſight,
I ioyed alone true heau'nly treaſure,
O what a Heau'n is loue firmely embraced,
Such power alone can fixe delight
In Fortunes boſome euer placed.

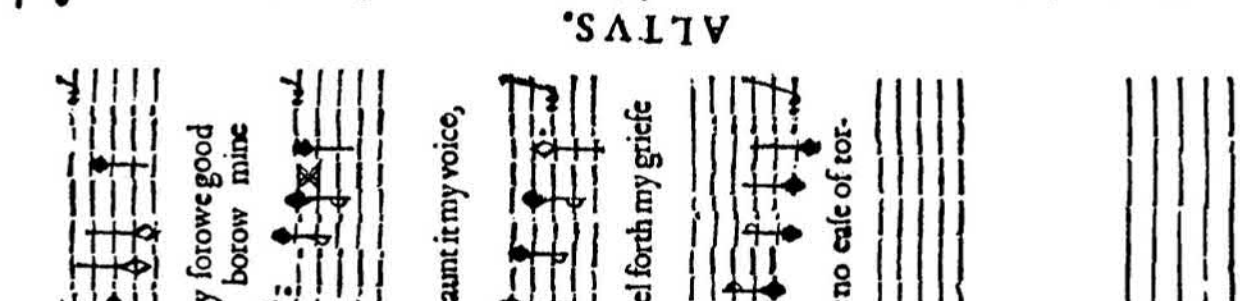
Cold as Ice frozen is that hart,
Where thought of loue could no time enter:
Such of life reape the pooreſt part
Whoſe weight cleaues to this earthly center,
Mutuall iotes in hearts truly vnited
Doe earth to heauenly ſtate conuert
Like heau'n ſtill in it ſelfe delighted.

BASSVS.

End your eares to my ſorowe good
for no eyes. wil I borow mine
peo- ple that haue anie pitie. Chaunt it my voice,
owne ſhal grace my doleful diry.
though rude like to my riming, and tel forth my griefe
which heere in ſa
menting.

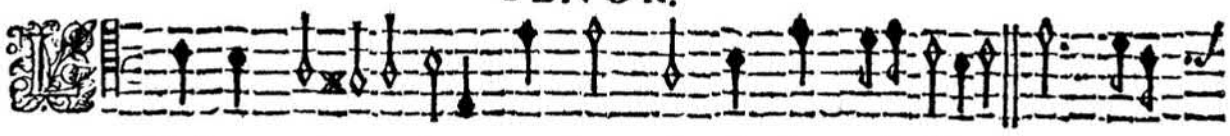
ALTVS.

End your eares to my ſorrow good people ‖: that haue anie pitie:
for no eyes wil I borow, mine own ſhal ‖: grace my doleful ditty: Chant it my



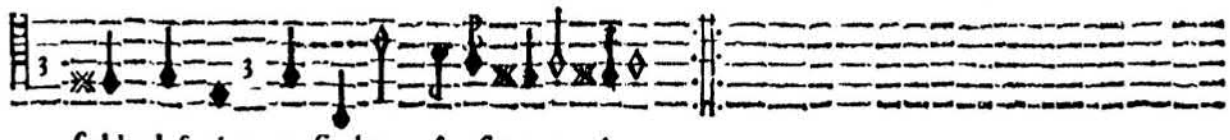
voice though rude, like to my riming, and tell forth my griefe, which here in ſad deſpaire can find no eaſe of tormenting.

TENOR.



End your eares to my ſorrow good peo- ple that haue anie pitie..
for no eyes will I borow, mine owne ſhal grace my doleful ditie. Chaunt it my

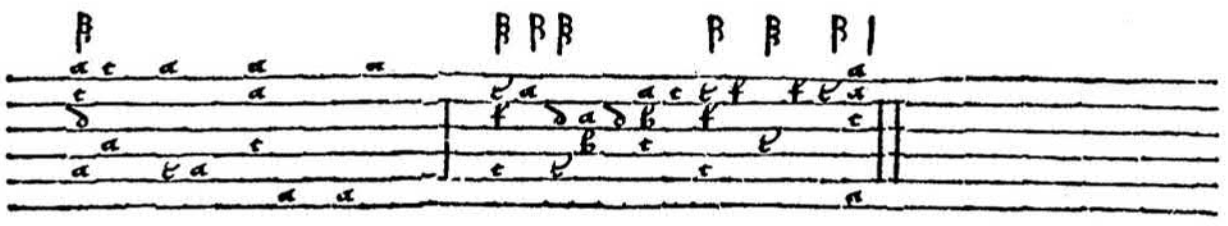
voice, my voice though rude like to my riming, and tel forth my griefe, my grief, which here in



ſadde deſpaire can find no eaſe of tormenting.

Y a fountaine where I lay, al bleſ- ſed bee that
by the glimring of the ſun, ô ne- uer bee her
bleſſed day
ſhining done
whē I might ſee alone my true loues faireſt one, loues deer light, loues cleare ſight

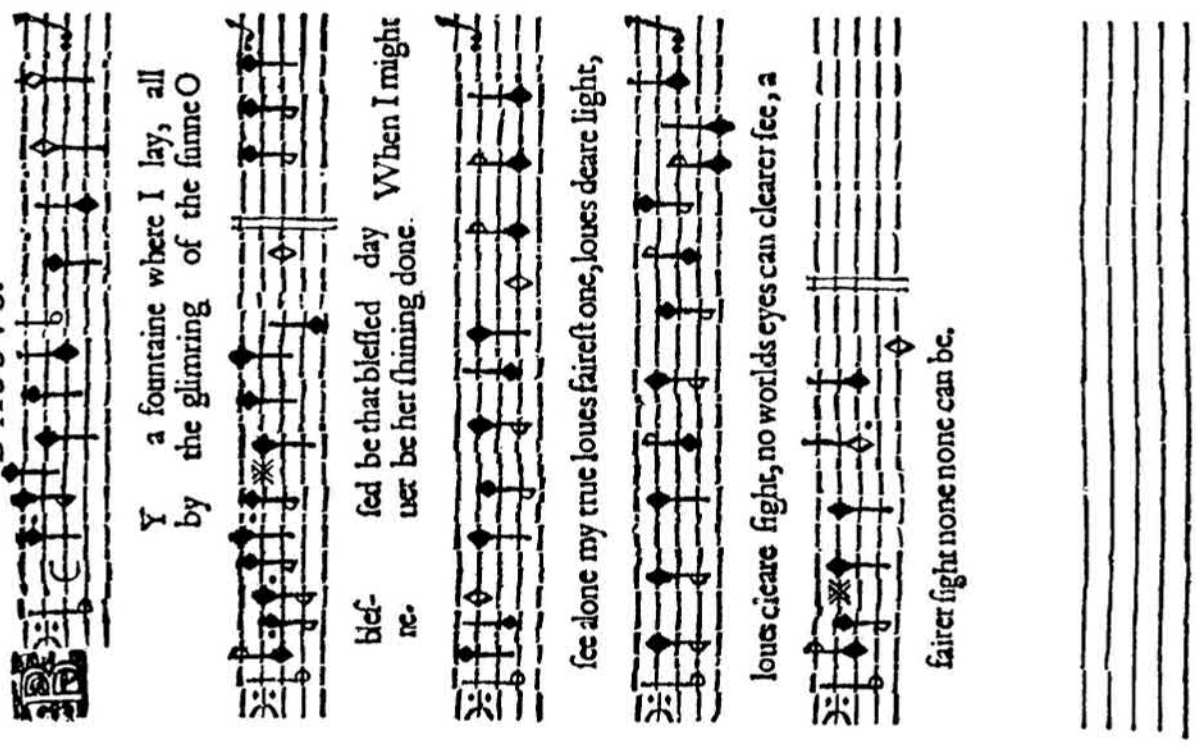
No worlds eyes can clearer ſee a fairer ſight none none can be.



2 Faire with garlands all addreſt,
Was neuer Nymph more fairely bleſt,
Bleſſed in the higheſt degree,
So may ſhe euer beſſed be,
Came to this fountaine neere,
With ſuch a ſmiling cheere,
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happie, happie eyes that ſee
Such a heauenly ſight as ſhe.

3 Then I forthwith tooke my pipe
Which I all faire and cleane did wipe,
And vpon a heau'nly ground,
All in the grace of beautie found,
Plaid this roundelay,
Welcome faire Queene of May,
Sing ſweete aire,
Welcome faire.
Welcome be the ſhepheards Queene,
The glorie of all our greene.

BASSVS.


Y a fountaine where I lay, all
by the glimring of the sunne O
bles-
ne.
fed be that blessed day When I might
uer be her shining done.
see alone my true loues fairest one, loues deare light,
loues cleare sight, no worlds eyes can clearer see, a
fairer sight none can be.

ALTVS.

Y a fountaine where I lay, al blef- fed bee that blessed day
by the glimring of the sun, ô ne- uer bee her shining done wher I might see
alone my true loues faireſt one, loues dear light, loues clear ſight, No worlds eyes can clea-
rer ſee a fairer ſight a fairer ſight none none can be.

TENOR.

Y a fountaine where I lay, all bleſ- ſed bleſſed be that bleſſed day
by the glimring of the ſun, O ne- uer ne-uer be her ſhining done when I
might ſee alone; my true loues faireſt one, loues deere light, loues cleare ſight, no worlds eyes
can clearer ſee, a fairer ſight, a fairer ſight none can be.

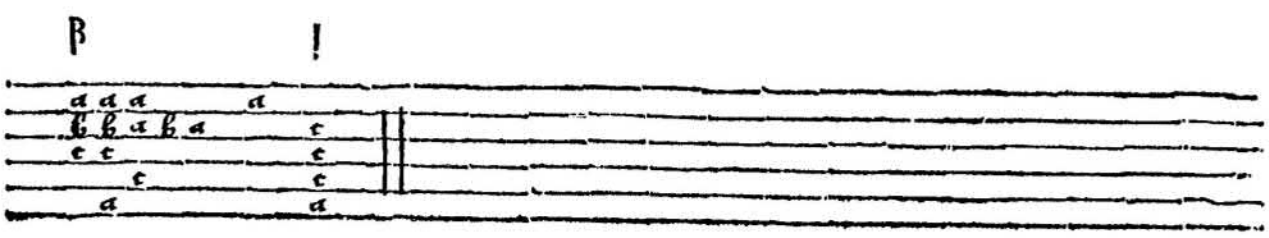
O what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought
or where- to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue ſought,

Till time and truth hath taught, I labor all for nought. The day I ſee is cleare, but I am
For griefe doth ſtil ap- peare, to croſſe our

nere the neere,
me- rie cheere, while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yeare. Cold, hold, the ſun wil ſhine

warme, therfore now feare no harme. O bleſſed beames, where beautie ſtreames happie happie

light to loues dreames.



BASSVS.

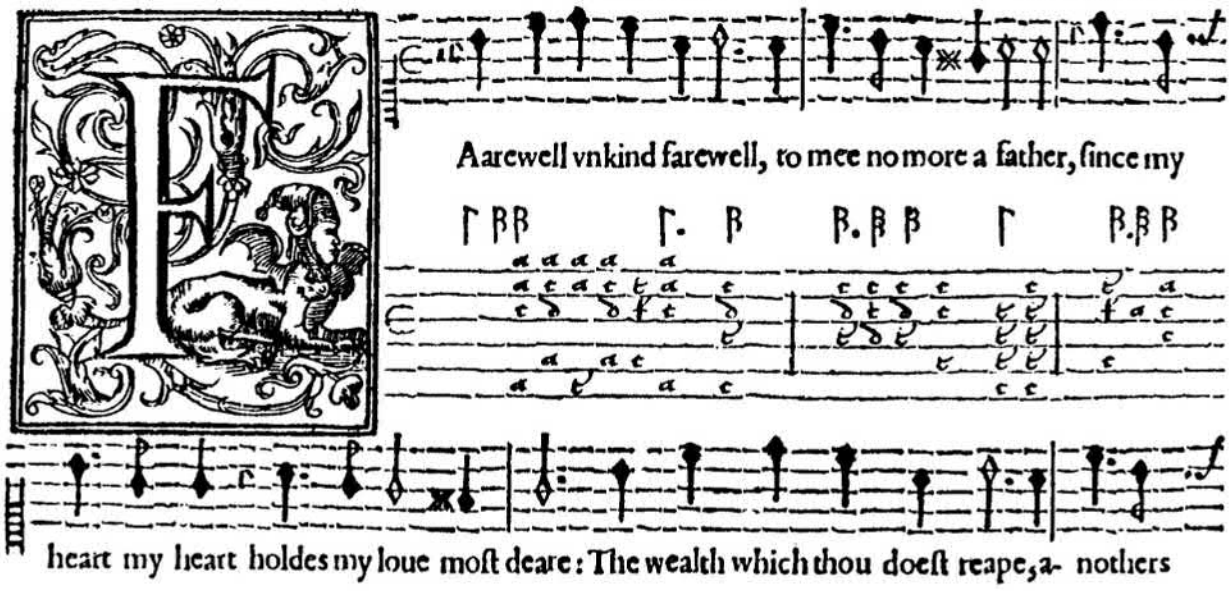
H what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought,
or where-to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue ſought,
Till time and truth haue taught I labour all for naught.
The day I ſee is cleare, but I am nere the neere,
for grief doth ſtil appeare, to croſſe our me-ry cheere,
while I can nothing heare but winter all the yeare:
Cold, hold, the ſun will ſhine warme, therefore now feare no harme O bleſſed beames where beauty ſtreames,
happie happie light to loues dreames.

ALTVS.

H what hath ouer wrought my all a- ma- zed thought,
or where-to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue ſought, Till time & truth
haue taught, I labour all for naught, The day I ſee is cleare, but I am nere the neere,
for grief doth ſtill a- peare, to croſſe our me- rie cheere,
while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yeare: cold, hold, the ſun will ſhine warme therefore
now feare no harm, O bleſſed beams, where beauty ſtreams, happy happy light to loues dreames,

TENOR.

H what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought,
or where-to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue ſought, Till time and truth haue
taught I labour all for naught. The day I ſee is cleare, but I am nere the neere,
for grief doth ſtil appeare, to croſſe our me-ry cheere, while I
can nothing heare but winter all the yeare: Cold, hold, ỹ ſun wil ſhine warm, therfore now feare no
harme ô bleſſed beames where beauty ſtreames, happy happy light, happy light to loues dreames,

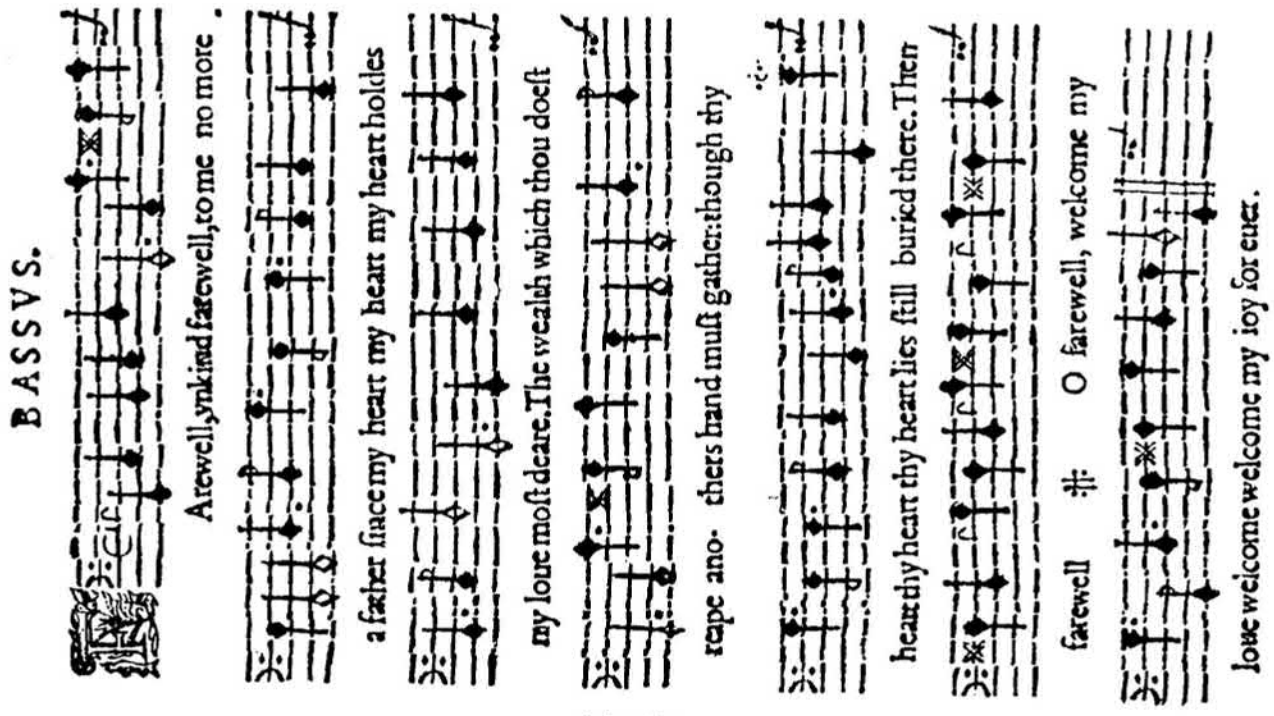

Farewell vnkind farewell, to mee no more a father, ſince my
heart my heart holdes my loue moſt deare: The wealth which thou doeſt reape, a- nothers
hand muſt gather, Though thy heart thy heart ſtill lies buried there, Then farewell, then
farewell, O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my ioy for euer.

Tis not the vaine deſire
of humane fleeting beautie,
Makes my mind to liue,
though my meanes do die.

Nor do I Nature wrong,
though I forget my dutie:
Loue, not in the bloud,
but in the ſpirit doth lie.

Then farewell, &c.

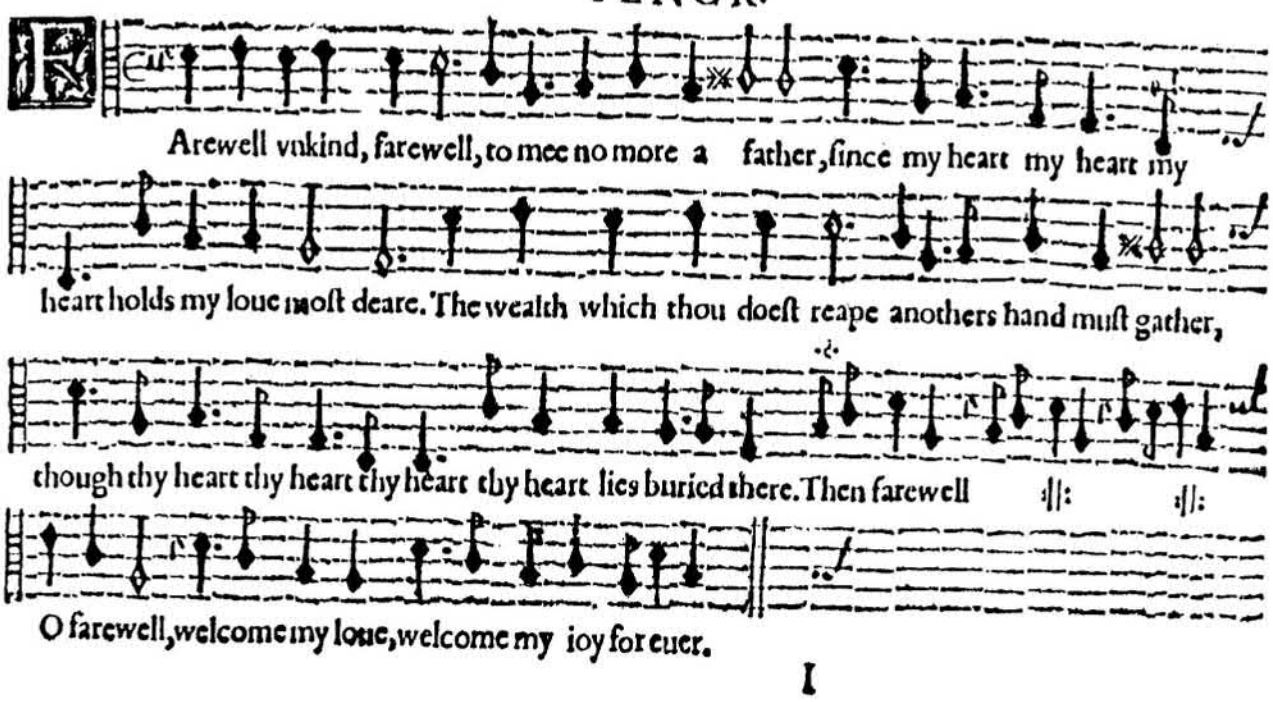
BASSVS.


Arewell,vnkind farewell,to me no more
a father ſince my heart my heart holdes
my loue moſt deare. The wealth which thou doeſt
reape ano- thers hand muſt gather: though thy
heart thy heart lies ſtill buried there. Then
farewell
loue welcome welcome my ioy for euer.

ALTVS.

Arewell vnkind farewell, to me no more a father, ſince my heart
holds my loue moſt deare. The wealth which thou doeſt reape, anothers hand muſt gather, though
thy heart
O
farewell, welcome my ioy my ioy for euer.

TENOR.


Arewell vnkind, farewell, to mee no more a father, ſince my heart my heart my
heart holds my loue moſt deare. The wealth which thou doeſt reape anothers hand muſt gather,
though thy heart thy heart thy heart thy heart lies buried there. Then farewell
O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my ioy for euer.

Eepe you no more ſad fountaines, what need you

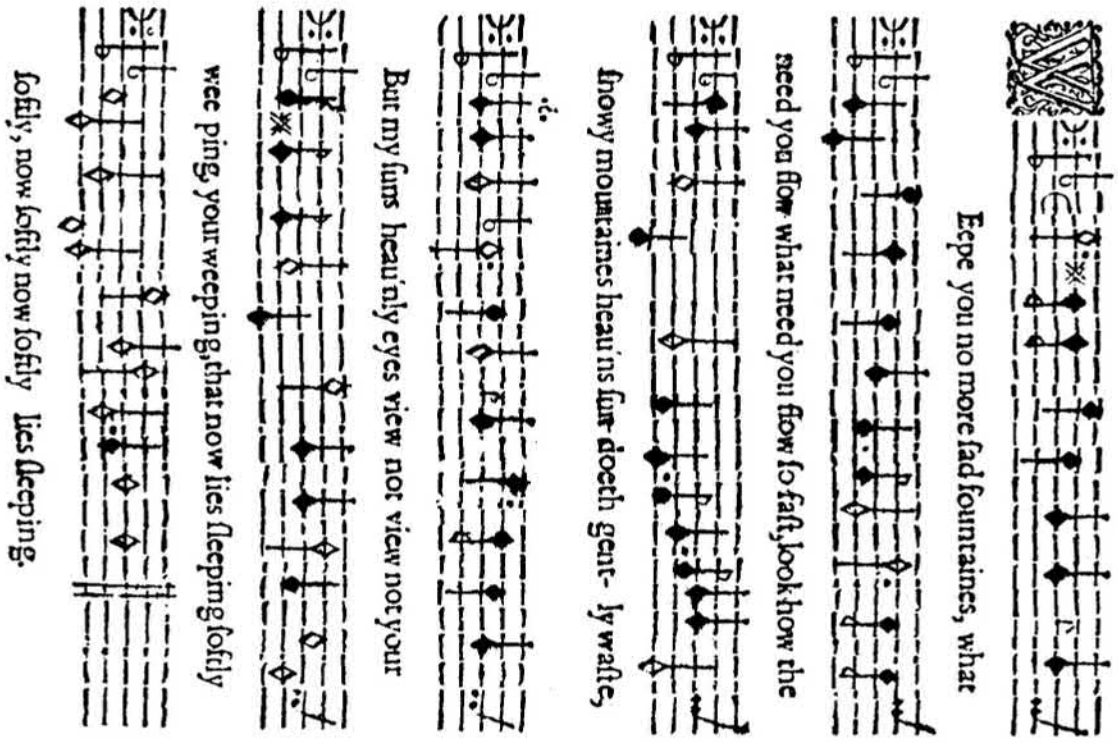
flowe ſo faſt, looke how the ſnowie mountaines, heau'ns ſunne doth gently waſte. But my

ſunnes heau'n- ly eyes view not your weeping. That nowe

lie ſleeping :‖: ſoftly :|: now ſoftly lies ſleeping.

Sleepe is a reconciling,
A reſt that peace begets:
Doth not the ſunne riſe ſmiling,
When faire at eu'n he ſets,
Reſt you, then reſt ſad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While ſhe lies ſleeping :‖:
Softly :‖: now ſoftly lies ſleeping.

BASSVS.


Eepe you no more sad fountaines, what
need you flow so fast, look how the
snowy mountaines heau'ns sun doeth gent- ly waste,
Bur my suns heau'nly eyes view not your
wee ping, your weeping that now lies sleeping softly
softly, now softly now softly lies sleeping.

TENOR.

Eep you no more no more sad fountains, what need you flow so fast, look how the snowy
mountaines, heau'ns sun doth gently waste, but my suns heau'nly eyes, view not view not your
weeping, that now ly flee-ping, flee-ping, flee-ping, ỹ now ly fleeping softly softly now softly ly fleeping

ALTVS.

Eepe weepe you no more sad fountaines, what neede what neede you flow so fast,
Looke how the sowie mountaines heau'ns sun doeth gent- ly waste, but my suns my suns
heau'nly eyes view not your wee- ping, that now lie sleeping, that now ly sleeping, softly :‖:
soft- ly that now softly lies sleeping.

Ie on this faining, is loue without deſire, heat ſtill remaining &

yet no ſparke of fire? Thou art vntrue, nor wert with fancie moued, for deſire hath powre on

all that e- uer loued.

2 Shew ſome relenting,
Or graunt thou doeſt now ioue,
Two hearts conſenting
Shall they no comforts proue?
Yeeld, or confeſſe that loue is without pleaſure,
And that womens bounties rob men of their treaſure,

3 Truth is not placed
In words and forced ſmiles,
Loue is not graced
With that which ſtill beguiles,
Loue or diſlike, yeeld fire, or giue no fuell,
So maiſt thou proue kind, or at the leaſt leſſe cruell.

BASSVS.

Ie on this faining, is loue without deſire,

heat ſtill remaining, and yet no ſparke of fire? Thou

art vntrue, nor wert with fan- cie moued, for deſire

deſire hath powre on all that euer loued.

ALTVS.

Ie on this faining, is loue without deſire: heat ſtill remaining, and yet no ſparke

of fire? Thou art vntrue, nor wert with fan- cie moued, for deſire hath powre

on all that euer loued.

TENOR.

Ie on this faining, is loue without de- ſire, heat ſtill remaining and yet no ſparke of

fire? Thou art vntrue, vntrue, nor wert with fancie moued, for deſire deſire hath powre hath

powre on all that euer loued.

I must complaine, yet do enioy :||: my loue, ſhe is too
faire, too rich in beauties parts Thence is my griefe for nature while ſhe
ſtroue with all her graces and deuineſt artes. To forme her too too beautifull of hue,
ſhe had no leiſure :||: no leiſure left to make her true.

Should I agrieu'd then wiſh ſhe were leſſe faire,
That were repugnant to my owne deſires,
She is admir'd, new ſuters ſtill repaire,
That kindles dayly loues forgetfull fires,
Reſt iealous thoughts, and thus reſolue at laſt,
She hath more beautie then becomes the chaſt.

BASSVS.

must complain, yet do enioy enioy

my loue my love: shee is

in beauties parts: thence is my

while she stroue with all her g

artes, to forme her too too

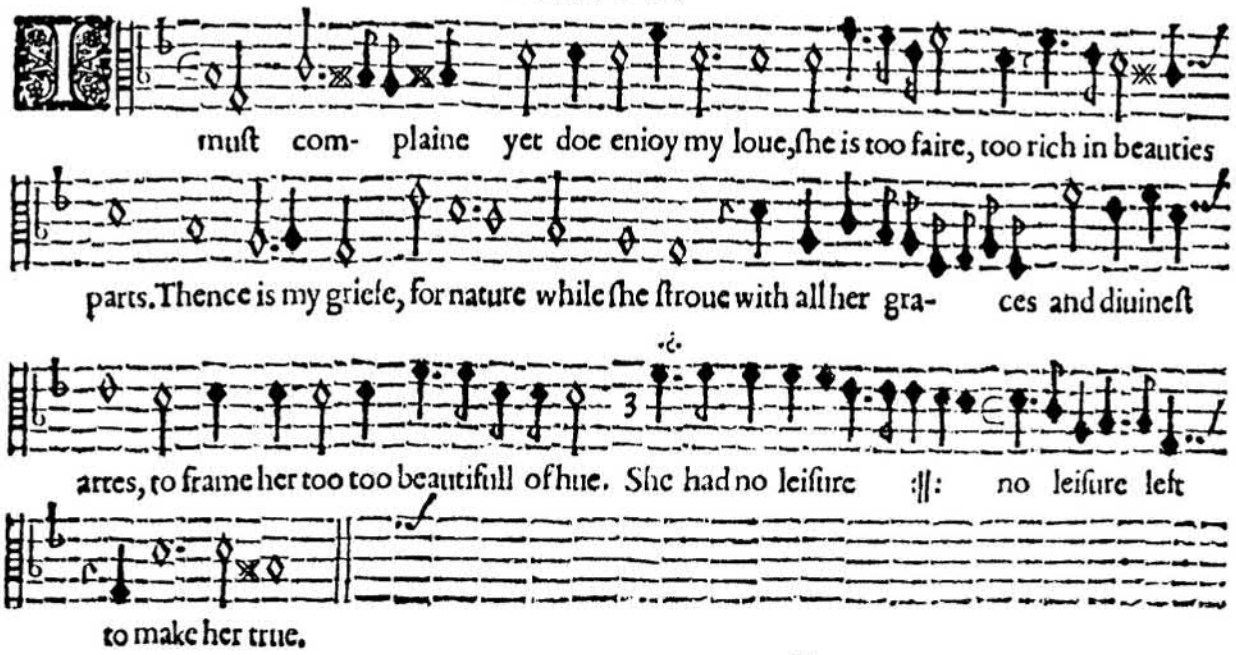
She had no leisure

left to make her true.

ALTVS.

inuft con-plaine, yet do enioy my loue my loue:she is too faire, too rich in beauties
partes: Thence is my griefe, for na-ture while she stroue while she stroue, with al her gra-
ces, and di- ui- neft artes : to forme her too too beautifull of hue, shee had no leisure
:‖: no leisure left her true,

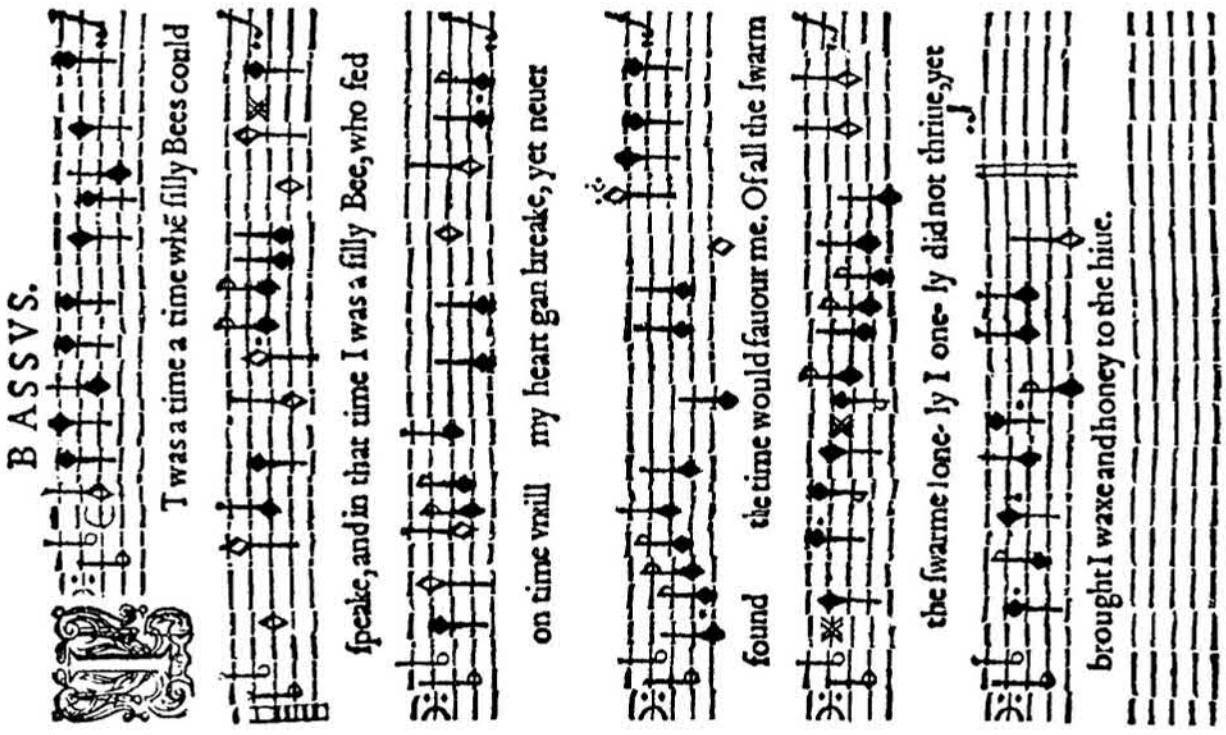
TENOR.


must com- plaine yet doe enioy my loue, she is too faire, too rich in beauties
parts. Thence is my griefe, for nature while she stroue with all her gra- ces and diuineſt
artes, to frame her too too beautifull of hue. She had no leisure :‖: no leisure left
to make her true.

T was a time when ſil- ly Bees could ſpeake, and in
that time I was a ſillie Bee, who fed on Time vntil my heart gan break, yet neuer found the
time would fauour mee. Of all the ſwarme I onely did not thriue, yet brought I waxe &
ho-ney to the hiue.

2 Then thus I buzd, when time no ſap would giue,
Why ſhould this bleſſed time to me be drie,
Sith by this Time the lazie drone doth liue,
The waſpe, the worme, the gnat, the butterflie,
Mated with griefe, I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complaind vnto the king of Bees.

3 My liege, Gods graunt thy time may neuer end,
And yet vouchſafe to heare my plaint of Time,
Which fruitleſſe Flies haue found to haue a friend,
And I caſt downe when Atomies do clime,
The king replied but thus, Peace peeuiſh Bee,
Th'art bound to ſerue the time, the time not thee.


BASSVS.
T was a time a time whē ſilly Bees could
ſpeake, and in that time I was a ſilly Bee, who fed
on time vntill my heart gan breake, yet neuer
found the time would fauour me. Of all the ſwarm
the ſwarme lone- ly I one- ly did not thriue, yet
brought I waxe and honey to the hiue.

ALTVS.
T was a time a time when ſilly Bees could ſpeake, and in that time I was I was
a ſilly Bee, who fed on time vntil my heart my heart gan breake, yet neuer found the time would
fauour me. Of all the ſwarme I only I one- ly did not thriue, yet brought I wax and hony hony
to the hiue,

TENOR.
T was a time a time whē ſilly Bees could ſpeak, and in ỳ time I was a ſil- ly Bee, who
fed on time vntil my heart gan breake, yet neuer found the time the time would fauor me, of al
the ſwarme the ſwarme I only only did not thriue yet brought I waxe & ho- ny to ỳ hiue.

The loweſt trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her

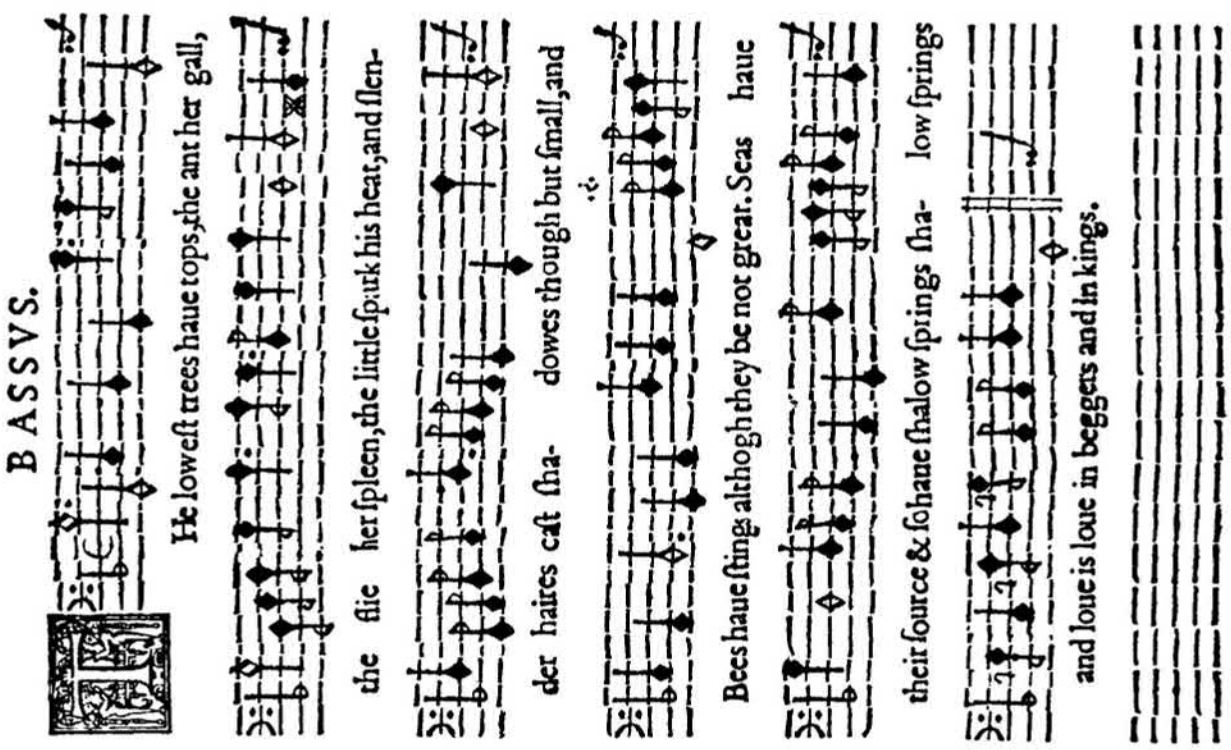
ſpleene, the little ſparke his heate, and ſlender haires caſt ſhadowes though but ſmall,

and Bees haue ſtings although they be not great. Seas haue their ſource, and ſo haue ſhallowe

ſprings, and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

Where waters ſmootheſt run, deep are the foords,
The diall ſtirres, yet none perceiues it moue:
The firmeſt faith is in the feweſt words,
The Turtles cannot ſing, and yet they loue,
True hearts haue eyes and eares, no tongues to ſpeake:
They heare, and ſee, and ſigh, and then they breake.

BASSVS.


He loweſt trees haue tops, the ant her gall,
the flie her ſpleen, the little ſpark his heat, and ſlen-
der haires caſt ſha- dowes though but ſmall, and
Bees haue ſtings although they be not great. Seas haue
their ſource & ſo haue ſhalow ſprings ſha- low ſprings
and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

ALTVS.

He loweſt trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her ſpleen, the little ſpark his
heat, and ſlender haires caſt ſhadowes though but ſmal, and Bees haue ſtings, although they be
not great, Seas haue their ſource, & ſo haue ſhallow ſprings, & loue is loue
in beggers and in kings.

TENOR.

He loweſt trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her ſpleen, ỹ little ſpark his heat
and ſlender haires caſt ſhadowes, though but ſmal, & Bees haue ſtings, although they be not
great, Seas haue their ſource, & ſo haue ſhallow ſprings, & loue is loue in beggers & in kings.

Hat poore Aſtronomers are they, take womẽs eies for ſtars

and ſet their thoughts in battell ray to fight ſuch idle warres, whẽ in the end they ſhal approue,

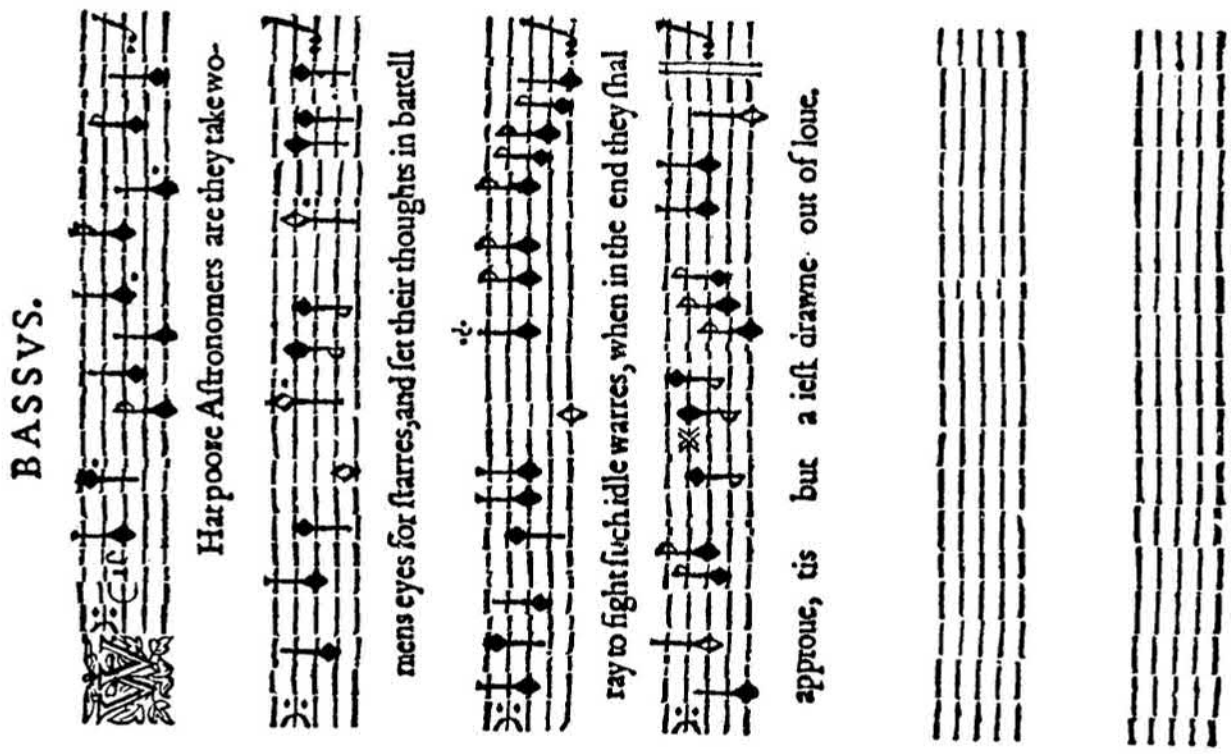
Tis but a ieſt drawne out of loue.

2 And loue it ſelfe is but a ieaſt.
Deuiſde by idle heads,
To catch yong fancies in the neaſt,
And lay it in fooles beds.
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be fledge ere they be wiſe.

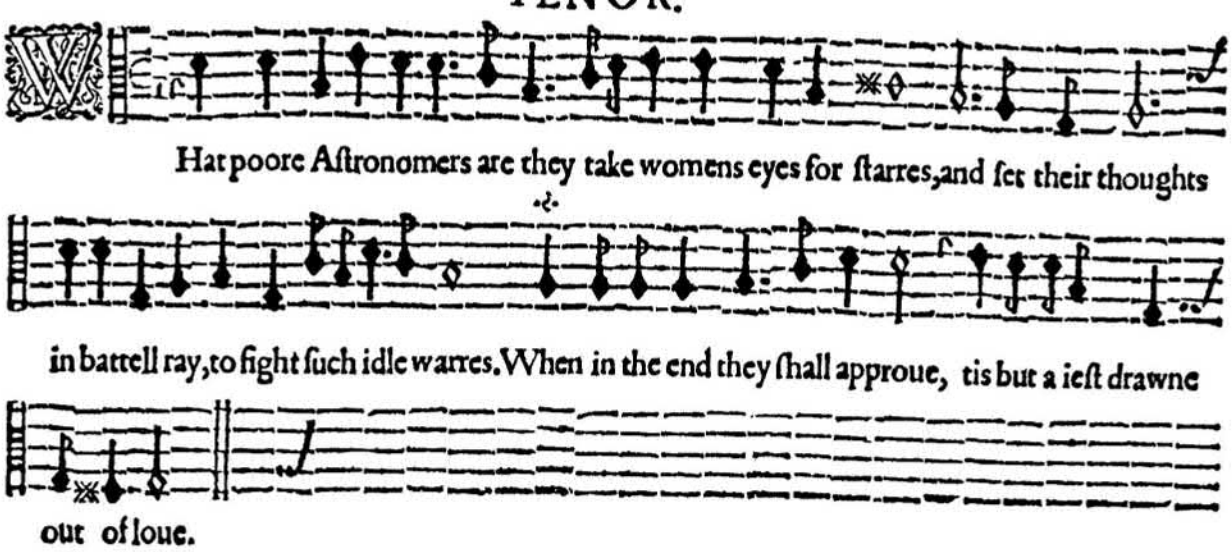
3 But yet it is a ſport to ſee
How wit will run on wheeles,
While wit cannot perſwaded be
With that which reaſon feeles:
That womens eyes and ſtarres are odde,
And loue is but a fained god.

4 But ſuch as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their ſight:
But leaue them to their ſtudie ſtill,
To looke where is no light.
Till time too late we make them trie,
They ſtudy falſe Aſtronomie.

BASSVS.

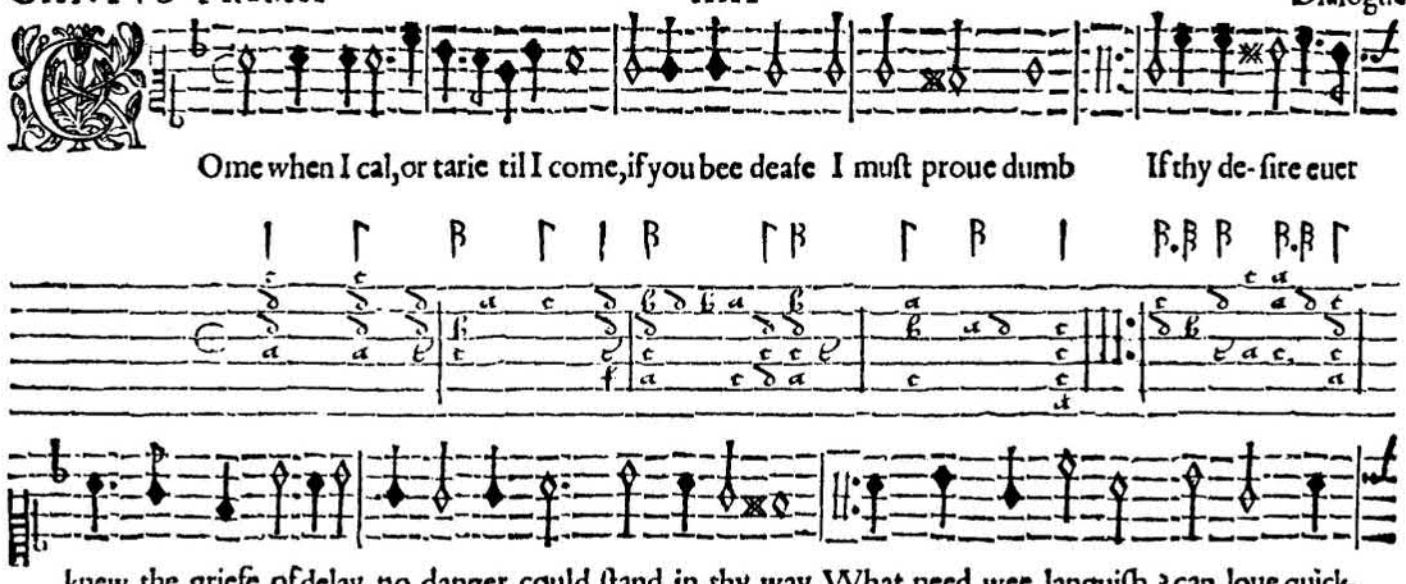

Har poore Aſtronomers are they take wo-
mens eyes for ſtarres, and ſet their thoughs in battell
ray to fight ſuch idle warres, when in the end they ſhal
approue, tis but a ieſt drawne out of loue.

TENOR.


Har poore Aſtronomers are they take womens eyes for ſtarres, and ſet their thoughts
in battell ray, to fight ſuch idle warres. When in the end they ſhall approue, tis but a ieſt drawne
out of loue.

ALTVS.

Har poore Aſtronomers are they, take womens eyes for ſtarres, and ſet their thoughts
in battell ray, to fight ſuch i- dle warres, when in the end they ſhal approue, tis but a ieſt drawn
out of loue.


Come when I cal, or tarie til I come, if you bee deafe I muſt proue dumb If thy de-ſire euer
knew the griefe of delay, no danger could ſtand in thy way. What need wee languiſh? can loue quick-
ly quickly flie: feare euer hurts more then iealouſie. Then ſecurely enuie ſcorning, let vs end with ioy our
mourning, iealouſie ſtill defie, and loue till we die:

Dialogue. QVINTVS.

Dialogue. SECVNDA PARS.

Try a while my heau my ioy, I come with wings of loue, when enuious eyes time ſhal remoue

O die not, ad this ſorrow to my griefe that languiſh here, wanting relief. Then ſecurely enuy ſcor-

ning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, iealoſie ſtill defie and loue till we die.

Dialogue. BASSVS.

Thē ſecurely enuy ſcorning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, iealoſie ſtill defie, and loue and loue till wee die.

Dialogue. TENOR.

Enuie ſcorning let vs end with ioy our mourning, iealoſie ſtill defie, and loue till we die.